

HER LETTER.

BY BERT HART.

I'm sitting alone by the fire,
Dressed just as I came from the dance,
In a robe even you would admire;
It cost a cool thousand in France;
I'm dejected out of all reason,
My hair is done up in a queue!
In short, sir, "the belle of the season"
Is waiting an hour on you.

A dozen engagements I've broken;
I left in the midst of a set;
Likewise a proposal, half spoken,
That waits on the stairs—for me yet.
They say he'll be rich—when he grows up—
And then he adores me indeed.
And you, sir, are turning your nose up,
Three thousand miles off, as you read.

"And how do I like my position?"
"And what do I think of New York?"
"And now, in my higher ambition,
With whom do I wait, first, or talk?"
"And isn't it nice to have riches?"
"And diamonds and silks, and all that?"
"And aren't it a change to the ditches
And tunnels of Poverty Flat?"

Well, yes—if you saw us out-driving
Exclusively in the coach, four-in-hand;
If you saw your mamma curtseying
To look superlatively grand—
If you saw papa's picture, as taken
By Brady, and titled that way,
You'd never suspect he sold back
And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet, just this moment, while sitting
In the glare of the grand chandelier—
In the bustle and glitter of the ball—
The "finest society of the year,"
In the midst of a game of whist,
And the hum of the smallest of talk—
Somehow, Joe, I thought of the "Ferry,"
And the dance that we had on "The Fork."

Of Harrison's barn, with the minter
Of flags festooned over the wall;
Of the candles that shined so fast,
And "allow on head-dress and shawl";
Of the steps that we took to one side;
Of the dream of my queer escape;
And how I once went down the middle
With the man that shot Sandy McGee;

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping
On the hill, when the time came to go;
Of the baby peaks that were peeping
From under their bedclothes of snow;
Of that ride—that to me was the rarest;
Of the something you said at the gate;
Of Joe, then I went to my bed,
To "the best paying land in the state."

Well, well, it's all past; yet it's funny
To think as I stand in the glow
Of fashion and beauty, and money,
That I should be thinking of that there,
Of some one who breathed high water,
And swam the North Fork, and all that,
Just to dance with old Pollock's daughter,
The Lily of Poverty Flat.

But, goodness! what nonsense I'm writing!
(Mamma says my taste isn't low.)
Instead of my triumphs reciting,
I'm spinning on Joseph—how high he?
And I'm to be "finished by travel!"
Whatever the meaning of that—
Oh, why did papa strike me gravel
In driving to Poverty Flat?

Good-night—here's the end of my paper;
Good-night—of the longitudes please—
For maybe, while waiting my taper,
Four suns climbing over the trees,
But know, if you have a right mind,
And are poor, dear old Joe, and all that,
That my heart's somewhere there in the ditches,
And you've struck it—Pov'ry Flat.

MAJOR GRANTHY.

A remarkable incident in his life.
I am an Englishman. I have spent
the best years of my life in India—making
the small fortune which allows me
now to keep clear of the money-making
world, and as a quiet country gentle-
man, to take the leisure—with enough
of responsibility to keep me from ennui
—which men of my age feel that they need.

I once spent a year in America, and
made many friends. Those whom I
now remember with most satisfaction
were elderly gentlemen, of small for-
tune, obliged to attend somewhat to
business, and who, living in the country,
still kept pace with the literary and
scientific world, without gaining that
brusque, oratorical manner, the charac-
teristic of men who talk more than they
think.

I was once dining with such an one.
His amiable wife and lovely young
daughter made the dinner a feast by
their charming conversation. At each
end of the room were hung very mas-
terly portraits in oil, which attracted my
attention. At one end of the room hung
the portrait of a lady in the bloom of
youth and beauty. The picture hung
alone. At the other end were two por-
traits: one of a handsome man in the
prime of life; the other, that of a very
lovely white-haired old lady. It seemed
strange that the more youthful lady
should not be placed by his side. The
old lady placed alone would have seemed
to me more natural. However, the po-
sition of the pictures was evidently in-
tentional.

My friend and host, noticing the in-
terest I took in the portraits, said, as
he pointed to the two: "Those are the
portraits of my wife's father and mother,
taken at about the same time, nearly a
year before their death," and he paused,
as if for an expression of my interest.

I could but say: "They are fine
pictures, but seem to show great dispar-
ity in their ages."

"Tell Mr. Featherstone the story of
my father's life," said my hostess.
Her husband began:

The story takes us back to the time,
nearly forty years ago, when Major
Granthy, the original of that portrait
and my wife's father, was about forty
years old, as fine a looking man as he is
there portrayed. He had resigned his
position in the army, and was professor
of Sanscrit and Ancient Egyptian Lit-
erature in a college. He was a very fond
of everything relating to the
Egyptians, and although he never vis-
ited that country himself, he was inti-
mate with men who had. He possessed
a valuable collection of Egyptian curi-
osities, and, much to the horror of his
wife and daughter, he went so far as to
keep a mummy in a case in his study.

About that time a band of Egyptian
sorcerers made their appearance in New
York. There was something wonder-
fully respectable and attractive about
them. They hired spacious rooms, and
had them refitted after the style of an-
cient Egyptian architecture; and these
rooms were made gorgeous and impos-
ing by everything imaginable in the
shape of curiosity, including mummies
of men, birds, beasts and reptiles. Cur-
tains of brilliant hues and marvelous work-
manship draped the windows and door-
ways. Heavy sarcophagi and models of
pyramids, sphinxes and palaces crowd-
ed the large vestibule through which the
visitors entered.

Major Granthy was among the first to
visit them; and he was quite carried
away with their knowledge and some
strange powers which they undoubtedly
possessed. There was but one woman
in the company. I remember seeing
her. She was a magnificent creature,
of large stature, with a regular beauty
of feature which I never saw in any one
else. It was as if a marble statue had
come to life, so little color had she, and
so little voluntary movement. Her
companions treated her with the great-
est respect, always addressing her by
some high title.

Major Granthy saw a great deal of
these people. He even tried to get
them to visit his house. But they de-
clined all such attentions. They had
regular days for the exhibition of their
powers. I have seen them perform won-
ders which you would hardly believe. It
was before the day of animal magnet-
ism, but they would put a man so
soundly to sleep that nothing but their
own power could wake him. Electro-
biology was then unknown; but they
could control, by their sorceries, the
motions of every person in the room.
Spiritual mediums had not rapped
themselves into notice; but they deliv-
ered messages to us of the most oracu-
lar nature, through the dead lips of a
brown, mummified princess. I have
heard the sepulchral bark of mummified
dogs, and the queer, unnatural note
of the idolized ibis. It was most re-
markable.

Well, to make a long story short,
Major Granthy disappeared, and every-
body was astonished. Not the least clue
could be obtained as to his whereabout-
s. He was an honorable and most re-
spected Christian gentleman, and
everyone felt assured that he had been
made the victim of foul play.

Twenty years after, he reappeared,
wearing the same clothing, and not a
day older. He could give no account of
his absence. He went to his own house,
where, fortunately, his wife and only
remaining daughter still lived. He met
strange servants in the hall, and was
perplexed by the different aspect of the
place. Still more was he surprised to
find a feeble-minded, white-haired in-
valid, instead of the vigorous, handsome
wife he had seen, as he supposed, only a
few hours before. And the blooming
daughter of eighteen was transformed
into a careworn lady of thirty-eight,
worn and weary with the cares which
had fallen upon her in that dreary time
—the alarm and anxiety for her father,
the watching and care of brothers and
sisters who had sickened and died, and
then the care of the sad and bereaved
wife and mother. I speak feelingly,
for these things kept me a poor, forlorn
old bachelor, depriving me of many years
of happy married life.

But he carried back a more bewildered
man never existed since the days of Rip
Van Winkle. A man coming out of
prison after a twenty years' confinement
might feel something of what the Major
felt. Only the man out of prison would
have an idea of what was going on in
the world, while the Major had none.
All that he could tell of himself was
this: He found himself in a burning
building, the fire and smoke blinding
him and causing great agony. He was
grasped by a fireman and placed unhurt
upon the pavement outside, whence he
soon made his way to his home, not far
off. His return made as much noise as
his departure had done. On investiga-
tion, the fireman was found who had
saved him from the fire. The burned
building was a museum—Barnum's, I
suppose—and the room from which he
had been carried was one devoted to
mummies and relics of the dead of dif-
ferent ages and countries. On interro-
gating the proprietor, the history of
each body, supposed once to have been
living, was obtained; but no light was
thrown upon the dark mystery. At last
he remembered the figure of one of the
Pharaohs, supposed to have been wax,
in a marble sarcophagus, said to have
been brought from one of the pyramids
of Egypt. I was by when that was first
mentioned to Major Granthy; and then
I saw the sign of a lifting of the cloud
of bewilderment from the Major's brow.

"Where did you get it?" he asked.
The man said it had been purchased
five years before, as the one valuable
object, at the sale of the natural history
collection belonging to a poor little
starved Southern college. Without say-
ing much about it, the Major found out
the President of that college, and learned
from him that the sarcophagus had been
given to the college by one of the alu-
mi, whom he named, eight or ten years
before. That man was found. He said
he had seen it for several years as one
of the extra shows attendant upon a
circus. The owner had many valuable
Egyptian relics which he had wished to
dispose of in order to retire to private
life. The young man had purchased
this for the college and other things for
himself. If more information were
needed, he could procure it, for the
former owner of the sarcophagus lived
very near him.

The Major was so interested he went
himself to see the man and hear his
story. The man proved himself to have
been a colored servant, employed by the
Egyptian sorcerers for many years.
When he saw the Major he recognized a
resemblance to the supposed wax figure,
and when the Major allowed his face to
be stained, and himself to be wrapped
in Egyptian burial-clothes, all who had
ever seen the Pharaoh could almost be-
lieve that they saw him again.

The servant informed Major Granthy
that he was with the Egyptians when
they left New York, and had traveled
with them throughout the United States
and parts of South America. He said
that the Egyptian lady was treated ever
with great adoration by her com-
panions.

This sarcophagus was a part of her
own personal property, which always
accompanied her, and was placed in her
own room. The man believed her to
have been the wife of the dead man, and
that it was by her sorceries that she had
remained alive and young, while he had
been dead thousands of years.

When in her room, the heavy crystal
cover was removed from the sarcoph-
agus, flowers were placed about it, per-
fumes burned by the head, and shawls
of the most exquisite color and work-
manship draped over the body; and the
lovely sorceress spent hours on her
knees beside it, kissing the cold, brown
face and hands, and weeping over it till
the hair of the dead Pharaoh was
drenched with her tears.

Have I told you that the Major, at
the time of his disappearance, was as
handsome and fascinating a man as one
could wish to see? But I must go on
systematically with my story, and tell
you how the servant became possessor
of the property of the Egyptians. They
were all coming back to the Southern
States from South America, when they
were overtaken by a storm, and the ves-
sel was wrecked on the coast. The most
valuable part of the story is, that, though
many passengers were lost, all the bodies

were washed ashore excepting those of
the Egyptians. And the colored man
firmly believed that they had power to
convey themselves to a place of safety,
and were all still alive.

But there he was, among the few
saved, the sole representative of the
company. He was able to save much of
the property, the sarcophagus among
the rest. As far as he could, he fol-
lowed the occupation of the former
owners for a few months, and then he
joined the circus company as an outside
show.

When the Major heard all these
things, he was obliged to tell us what
he could remember, to connect the
stories and to prove that he had played
Pharaoh for twenty years.

He said, what we know, that he found
the Egyptians so learned and agreeable,
he became very intimate with them.
They treated him with the most flatter-
ing attention. But at last he perceived
deeply in love with him. Her calm
face flushed at his coming; her breath-
ing grew quick and irregular when he
sat beside her; and her wonderful eyes
seemed to draw him toward her with an
irresistible influence. He immediately
ceased his visits. But one unlucky day
he went to them for information upon a
subject on which he was to lecture be-
fore his class. He only found the sor-
ceress at home. She received him in a
small studio, filled with the relics of an-
cient Egypt. She was calm and stern,
as at their first meeting. One subject
under discussion was the comparative
size of different races, at different ages.
An empty sarcophagus stood in the mid-
dle of the room, and he was tempted to
compare his size, fully six feet, with
that of a Pharaoh, by placing himself in
the coffin. Fortunately, he did not do so.
He no longer had thus placed himself,
than he became benumbed and helpless,
through some power dropping from the
fingers and shooting from the eyes of the
Egyptian woman. He remembered no
more.

He believed that he had been mag-
netized, and only released from the
trance by the fire at Barnum's.
But now look at his surroundings!
Suspicious friends outside of his house.
Inside, a dotting, feeble old lady for a
wife. A daughter looking and feeling
older than himself. And he—a strong,
energetic, able-minded man. He tried
to get back his professorship, but of
course he could not. He had a fortune
sufficient for his wants; but he could
not be satisfied without work.

At last he accepted a clerkship in an
insurance office. He found there work
which was not too arduous, and pleas-
ant companionship.

He lived very quietly, his wife being
feeble in health. It was a curious sight
to see them together. She had been
very much of an invalid. But she took
a new lease of life when her husband
came back to her.

The most sincere affection existed be-
tween them. She was lively in conver-
sation, and loving and yielding in dis-
position. He was always gravely po-
lite and deferential—appearing pleased
with her gaiety, but never what you
could call gay himself. Their inter-
course, as noticed by their friends, was
not like that between mother and son,
though a stranger would have thought
that to be the relationship. It was a
new revelation of affection, and charmed
all those who were allowed to come
within its influence.

I must not omit to mention the cir-
cumstance of my marriage, which took
place six or eight months after the
Major's return. It was merely adding
one to the family circle; for my wife
and I took charge of the establishment,
and we all lived together. It was a
most happy arrangement.

We were together for five years, when
one morning the feeble cries of my
mother-in-law brought us to her bed-
side. We found her weeping and faint-
ing over the dead body of her beloved
husband. How grand he looked!

He died of disease of the heart, which
the physician said was caused undoubt-
edly by the wonderful cessation of life,
which must have destroyed its power.

Our dear mother begged that the
body might not be removed from her
side. She was so feeble, and so earnest
in her request, that I would not allow it
to be denied. And for twelve hours
they lay side by side, and then her spirit
quietly departed, and she lay cold and
white and lovely beside her dark-haired
husband. They were buried in Green-
wood Cemetery in one wide grave. And
one wide stone marks the spot—a
sculptured cross over her name, and a
marble crown over that of the man who
bore his singular trials with such a noble
dignity.

A Lion Trap.
In Algeria, there is a great loss of life
and property, by the depredations of
lions. The loss of property is estimated
at \$50,000 a year. The inhabitants cut
away the forests as a means of protec-
tion against wild beasts. M. Chieret
devotes himself wholly to their examina-
tion. As an assisting means in this,
his life work, he has invented a lion
trap, made as follows: The frame and
bars are of iron. It is 10 feet long, 5
feet 6 inches wide, and the same in
height. Mounted on three cast-iron
wheels of small diameter, it can be
moved on difficult ground. The upper
part opens with folding doors, like a
wardrobe, which close of themselves at
the slightest shock given to springs of
steel. Catches retain the lids as they
fall, and imprison the animal as soon as
he touches the bottom of the trap. The
plan is to place the trap, properly baited,
on the ground frequently by the wild
animals, and then, when the game is
caught, to wheel the machine away to
some menagerie prepared for the purpose.

It is understood at Washington that
Senator Windom's committee will recom-
mend as of first importance the con-
struction of the Niagara ship canal and
a system of steam towage on the Erie
canal. A recommendation will also be
made in favor of the Fort St. Philip
canal, provided there is any money left
after the Niagara and Erie projects have
been carried out. The projects of
building a ship canal around the Niagara
Falls has been more or less discussed
since 1781, when the first survey was
made by order of the New York Leg-
islature. The cost of a canal of the re-
quisite dimensions would hardly be less
than \$25,000,000.

General Notes.
The State of Wisconsin is practically
out of debt.

Disraeli will probably visit America
early next year.

The Rothschilds are worth about
\$1,000,000,000—twelve of them—including
their individual fortunes.

The total cost of fences in California
is \$29,000,000. Annual cost of same,
including repairs and interest, \$8,000,-
000.

Chicago boasts the heaviest pork
dealers in the world. One man bought
197,497 head last year and paid there-
for \$13,136,071.14.

The City Council of Yeddo, Japan,
has passed an ordinance directing all
children to be labeled with the parents'
names and residences.

The arsenal at Rock Island when
complete will have a capacity equal to
the manufacture of munitions of war
sufficient to equip 1,000,000 men every
six months.

Thirty-one years ago corn sold at
Manfield, O., for twelve and a half
cents, oats at ten cents, wheat at forty
cents per bushel, and dressed hogs at
one cent per pound.

It is noteworthy, says the Boston
Transcript, that just forty years after
Caleb Cushing published his "Remin-
iscences of Spain," he was appointed
Minister to Madrid.

The bonded and floating debt of
Chicago has been increased since 1869
by 88 per cent, or from \$8,189,371 to
\$15,393,332. The expenditures for four
years have amounted to \$25,500,000.

It is now ascertained that the Rev.
Mr. Drake and wife, who died in La-
grange county, Ind., recently, were
both poisoned by the operation of tear-
ing from a wall green paper containing
arsenic.

There are on this globe about 120
nationalities, ruled by nearly as many
men, for there are but three Queens,
Victoria I., of England; Pomare, of So-
ciety Islands, and Ranavola II., of Ma-
dagascar.

The average of winter wheat sown
the present season, compared with that
of the previous years, shows an in-
crease in Illinois, Missouri, Kansas,
Ohio, Indiana, and Tennessee, averag-
ing 10 1/2 per cent.

The total property valuation of Colo-
rado Territory has increased from \$16,-
045,524 in 1870 to \$35,669,030 in 1873.
By the census of 1870 the population of
the Territory was 39,864. The popula-
tion at present, based on the Septem-
ber vote, is 104,860.

At Gloucester, Mass., a record is
kept of those who perish at sea in the
fishing fleet, and once a year services
are held in their memory. The record
for 1873 is that 174 have perished, and
all the pastors in the town have joined
in the usual service recently in the town
hall.

Our lighthouse system is more exten-
sive than any in the world, the lights
and beacons extending more than
10,000 miles along coast and shore.
We have 521 lighthouses, 35 powerful
signals operated by steam or hot air,
354 day or unlighted beacons, and 2,838
buoys.

The annual statistics of the city of
Milwaukee show a considerable in-
crease in her population, which is esti-
mated at 104,000. The improvements
in the way of buildings foot up \$3,500,-
000; articles of manufacture, \$27,000,-
000; losses by fire, \$800,000; deaths,
2,000; arrests, 18,000.

The tower to be erected in the Cen-
tennial Exposition building is to be
1,000 feet in the air, of circular iron;
150 feet at the base, and thirty at top,
with a spiral staircase for the use of any
one who is foolish enough to attempt to
walk up, and an elevator for those who
are willing to risk a ride.

The total number of deaths in New
York city for the last year was a little
over 29,000, some 3,600 less than it was
for 1872. Supposing the population of
the city to be 1,000,000, the death rate
is twenty-nine to 1,000, a high rate com-
pared with the smaller cities and country
districts.

An Undesirable New Year's Present.
On New Year's Day there was left at
the house of ex-District Attorney
Samuel D. Morris, of Brooklyn, N. Y.,
what appeared to be a box of fine cigars.
The Judge was absent at the time, but
returning on Sunday, and desiring to
test the quality of the supposed Havana
cigars contained in the box, he ripped
up the cover. He failed to find any
cigars, and straightway was seen to
throw the box and its contents into a
convenient bath tub, from which it was
afterward taken. He looked frightened
and at the same time thankful, and well
he might, for that innocent-looking box,
precisely like those wont to contain a
hundred of the weed, was an infernal
machine. The strangest part of the
whole transaction is how he could ever
have opened it without being blown out
of existence. It had been ingeniously
divided into two compartments, an upper
and a lower one, the latter occupy-
ing two-thirds of the space, and being
filled with a large roll of gun cotton
tightly bound with a string. This roll
has not yet been opened, and it is im-
possible to state what its contents are.
A fuse connected the gun-cotton with
the upper compartment, which was par-
tially filled with gunpowder, and having
several metal springs and pieces of In-
dia-rubber so connected as to draw
seven matches across a piece of sand-
paper whenever the cover was removed.
For some reason the matches declined
to flash, although some of them traced
and slightly marked the surface of the
sand-paper. Had the matches given
out a single spark the whole outfit must
have exploded. No name can be given
for the diabolical attempt. The police
authorities have the box, and are now
endeavoring to unravel the mystery.

SEVERAL months ago Cincinnati was
proud of having "the greatest number
of large and stout policemen of any
city in America"; but now Cincinnati
calls for "a body of small, light, active
policemen, who can chase a thief three
blocks without having to sit down four
times to rest."

The Fear of Death.

Why is it that the inhabitants of so-
called Christian countries fear to die
more than all others? The question
may imply a fact which is novel to many,
yet the fact is true. True Christians
are, undoubtedly, in the hour of death,
sustained by their faith, and we read of
many calm, holy, and peaceful Chris-
tians' deaths; but the fact remains that
death is dreaded by the mass of men in
Christian countries. There are many
well authenticated accounts of Christian
martyrdom, where men and women for
their religion have unflinchingly suf-
fered ignominy, persecution, and death;
but the same is true of other creeds.
The heathen, however, is apt to face
death calmly. He looks on it simply
as so much physical pain. To him
there is no horror in what is beyond the
grave. The weak and timid Hindu, who
submits to insult and abuse without the
courage to strike one blow in his own
defense, goes calmly to his execution,
simply saying, "It is the will of God."

The "heavenly Chinese" dies with a
smile which is childlike and bland,
while the poor Japanese will commit
harikari as a substitute for some wealth-
ier man, in order to earn a few hundred
dollars for his destitute wife and chil-
dren. The North American Indian burns
at the stake with the war song on his
lips; and the African in his own land is
destitute of that dread of death which
causes the darkey to turn pale in this.
All this cannot be mere bravado. If it
were it would not be so universal.

May not the reason be that the peo-
ple of more enlightened lands are im-
bued with just enough faith in Christi-
anity to entertain doubts as to their fu-
ture state which the heathen does not
possess? While they are safe and well
men do not think of death and what
comes after it. But in imminent peril
and times of sickness the teachings of
childhood come back to them. They
think, if these things be true what will
become of us? They find it hard to
believe that calm confidence by which the
soul is upheld in the hour of trial. In
spite of themselves they will dwell upon
the hereafter, and the atheist dreads an-
nihilation as much as others dread the
uncertainties of the future. There are
many theories about the fear of death,
but if the curtain were lifted from the
region beyond Jordan, and if the view
was an agreeable one, few would shrink
from the mere pain of dying.—New
York Sun.

Forest Trees and Culture.
The Lincoln (Neb.) Leader gives the
results of the system of tree-planting
inaugurated by the Burlington and Mis-
souri Railway Company along its line
for a distance of 120 miles, between Lin-
coln and Lowell. This latter experiment
is of special interest to the farmers of
Nebraska and many of the Territories,
showing, as it does, not only the method
pursued in planting, but also the kinds
of trees selected, and the percentage of
loss in the case of each variety.

The prairie was broken up the year
previous to planting, a portion of it as
late as the month of November. In the
spring the ground was again plowed and
made mellow. The trees were planted
in a variety of ways, according to their
age and condition, but many were laid
in a trench made by plowing. The fol-
lowing is a list of the number and vari-
ety of forest trees planted:

Ash, two years	20,000
Box elder, two years	11,000
Honey locust, one year, set for hedge	144,000
Soft maple, one year	17,000
Scotch pine, two years	60,000
European larch, two years	72,000
Scotch pine, transplanted and root pruned	20,000
Scotch spruce, transplanted and root pruned	20,000
Norway spruce, root pruned	8,000
Cottonwood sprouts	28,000
Scotch pine cuttings	82,000
White willow cuttings	92,000
Total	569,000

A subsequent careful examination of
the trees gives the following percentage
alive and in a thrifty condition: Ash,
98; box elder, 92; honey locust, 92;
soft maple, 84; European larch, 82;
Scotch pine, 80; and Norway pine, each 80;
cottonwood cuttings and sprouts, 72;
white willow cuttings, 75—giving an
average loss of about 15 per cent, most
of which was suffered in the evergreens
and cuttings, and may easily be pre-
vented under ordinary circumstances.

It will be seen that the lowest per-
centage of loss was found among the ash
trees, amounting to but 1 1/2 per cent.
The railway company, on this account,
and for the value of the timber, have
decided to re-fill with one and two-year
old ash trees, and have let the contract
to replace the trees that fail to grow
and cultivate them next season.

Tribulations of a Local Editor.
The Danbury News says: Once upon
a time a local editor dreamed that he
was dead and in another world. He ap-
proached the gate of a city before him
and knocked for admittance, but no one
answered his summons. The gate re-
mained closed against him. Then he
cried aloud for entrance, but the only
response were scores of heads appearing
above the wall on each side of the gate.
At sight of him the owners of the heads
set up a dismal howl, and one of them
cried: "Why didn't you notice the big
egg I gave you?" At this a rigid and
most unexpected interrogation the poor
lost turned in the direction of the voice
to learn its owner, when another voice
shrieked, "Where's the piece you were
going to write about my soda fountain?"
And close upon this was the demand,
"Why did you write a piece about old
Peddle's fence and never say a word
about my new gate?" Whatever answer
he was going to frame to this appalling
query, he was interrupted by the astonish-
ing question, "What did you spell my name
in the programme for?" The mis-
erable man turned to flee, when he
was rooted to the spot by this terrible
demand: "Why did you put my mar-
riage among the deaths?" He was on
the point of saying the foreman did it,
when a shrill voice madly cried, "What
made you put in my runaway and spoil
the sale of my horse?" And this was
followed by the voice of a female hy-
sterically exclaiming, "This is the brute
that botched my poetry and made me
ridiculous!" Whereupon hundreds of
voices screamed, "Where is my article?"
Give me back my article!" and in the
midst of the horrid din the poor wretch
awoke, perspiring at every pore, and
screaming for help. The next day he
resigned, and we had to hunt up another
local editor.

DER DRUMMER.

Who puts up at der best hotel,
Und dakes his oysters on der shell,
Und mit der frauken euts a schwell?
Der drummer.

Who vos it goes into mine schloer,
Dreos down his poodles on der vloer,
Und sefer schtome to shet der door?
Der drummer.

Who dakes me py der hands und say:
"Hans Pfeiffer, how you vas to-day?"
Und goes for issend right away?
Der drummer.

Who shepends his samples in a trice,
Und dells me "look, und see how nice!"
Und says I gets "der bottom price?"
Der drummer.

Who says der tings vas eggstra vine—
"Vrom sharmatz, aben der Rhine"—
Und sheats